

# THANKSGIVING



**G**OD be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us; Selah. That thy way may be known upon Earth, thy saving health among all nations. Let the people praise Thee, O God; let all the people praise Thee. Then shall the Earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us. God shall bless us; and all the ends of the Earth shall fear him.

From the 67th Psalm.

## PRAISE HIM for This Most Precious Gift

AN evening of this week it occurred to a man, sitting alone in an upper room, that Thanksgiving day was right at hand. So he bestowed his mind to consider those things for which an American might sensibly offer up gratitude to God.

He reflected that across the Atlantic millions of human beings were at that very moment engaged in the dreadful task of killing other human beings with every invention which ingenuity and skill could bring forth from the laboratories of science and the workshops of industry.

In other lands at that very moment tens of thousands upon tens of thousands of helpless folk—feeble, aged men and women, mothers with babes clinging convulsively to their breasts, little children sobbing in terror, a vast army of the innocent and the anguished—were enduring the extremities of exposure, of hunger, and of despair as they fled from their wasted farmsteads and burning villages, escaping from the pitiless cruelty of savage men only to be down to suffer and die under the pitiless skies of God in the winter and the bitter storms.

At that very moment most dreadful war had half the world in the blackness of its darkness and from that horrid cloud rained destruction upon unhappy Europe—upon her ancient capitals, upon her pleasant cities, upon her villages, her fields, her temples, her treasures of art, upon all the accumulations of a thousand years, of genius, of learning, of industry, of skill and of patient advancement of the happiness and the civilization of the race of man.

So he that considered all this wickedness that was being done under the sun, this drunken dance of death and hell above the fetid corpses and the multitudinous graves, this awful nightmare of indescribable woe and wrath, said in the bitterness of his heart that no God ruled over such a maniac world and there was no thanksgiving due to the Giver of Gifts that were not good, but everyone altogether evil.

And when the man had made an end of his thinking, he went and stood in a window and looked out upon the evening, because it was fair to see.

He saw in vision at that instant the vastness of the republic and the multitude of the good and happy folk who live under the shelter of its strength. He reflected how brief a time had thus magnified the works of our pioneer fathers and our pioneer mothers, those brave and simple men and women whose names should never be mentioned with anything but profound gratitude.

And to this American, glad with a great pride in the deeds of his people and the story of his country, and grateful to the goodness which has guided and sheltered his fathers and his folk, lifted up his eyes to the night, to the quiet stars, to the brooding immensity above, and said in his heart:

"Thank God that I am an American!"

And, citizens, that is the one outstanding, splendid fact for which each one of us should soberly and most gratefully thank God on Thanksgiving day this year.

The finest thing you possess or ever can possess is just your American citizenship. It is neither necessary nor becoming, on this day or on any other day, to cheapen this birthright of ours by brag or spendeagle declamation.

But it is highly becoming on this Thanksgiving day to feel a deep gratitude and a manly pride in this heritage.

### WHERE THEY CALL HIM "CHARLIE."

Charles M. Schwab, the Bethlehem steel king, is probably the most beloved "boss" in America. His men say there would be no strikes if others were like him. The American Magazine prints an article about him in which it occurs:

"They call him 'Charlie' at Homestead; he is 'Charlie' when he goes back there now to visit the 'boys.' Those who were there in the old days he still knows by name, and just how long they have been on the job. When he went down to Homestead to say good-by, after resigning as president of the Carnegie Steel company, five thousand

men turned out in a body to wish him good luck. 'God bless you, Charlie!' Here's good luck to you, Charlie!" they shouted.

"Do I know him well?" said one grizzled employee at Homestead. "Is it Charlie Schwab you mean? Sure, don't I mind the first day he came here? An' didn't I work with him for years? Wid him, mind you. Not for him. Sure, I helped out the first piece of steel that ever went out of this mill. There isn't a man here that don't give him good will to Charlie Schwab. There'd be no strikes in Ameriky if ivry boss was like him. The first day he come I says to him, says I, 'Have you a match?' 'I have four,' says he, 'an' you're wel-

And so we firmly believe you do feel.

We all hear it repeated that patriotism is a thing of the past; that our people have become commercialized; that the masses have no deep-rooted loyalty to the country; that our rich men put dollars above the obligations of their citizenship; that our poor folk care little for the ideals of free government; that we Americans are decadent in the virtues and valor which marked our fathers.

That is not true.

If there be any power in the world which plots war against us Americans and promises itself victory over us on the assumption of our decadence in loyalty, that power will find how terrible was its mistake when our country calls her sons to battle in her defense.

We have, it is true, in our capacity as a collective people, left undone things that should have been done and done things which should have been left undone; and there is more truth than there should be in much that is jeeringly said by those who hate us.

We acknowledge that much of our politics offends common decency.

We see, here and there, painful evidence of corruption among lawmakers and even among the judges, who should know only justice and integrity.

We see rich men who do betray their country and foul their hands and soil their souls with most infamous dealings and most shameful profits.

We see Americans who do put the dollar above every consideration of right and duty, above the claims of our common humanity.

But while these things are true, it is true also that the heart and conscience of the American people, take them as a nation, are sound and sane and wholesome.

The blood of our fathers still runs in the veins of their sons. The spirit of the nation may indeed seem to slumber in the soft bed of long-enjoyed peace and security. But let war come against the land and no man need doubt that that spirit will spring up instantly awake.

We can rightfully be grateful that it has fallen to our happy lot to live in this most wonderful of all ages and to be citizens of this most wonderful of all the nations.

Let your hearts swell with just pride as you contemplate your country, so august, so splendid, so renowned in the earth.

Look upon your flag as it streams its bright folds yonder above your heads with proud and happy eyes. Remember how honorable is its story, and forget not how many thousands of brave and good men died that it might wave under the ensign of a free people.

Tell to your children the story of their forebears, of those men and women who, amid the wilderness and forests that stood where now stand mighty cities and stretch cultivated farms, erected, with hardships and endurance and most heroic faith and valor, the noble edifice of our republican liberties.

Speak to them of Bunker Hill and Valley Forge and Saratoga and Yorktown, and of the great Declaration—that most famous Charter of Human Freedom.

Tell them to thank God for their fathers' and mothers' hardihood and courage, for the wars they fought, for the victories they won.

Tell them to salute their flag with high and proud honors.

Tell them to thank God this Thanksgiving day that they are Americans.

And then do you soberly, gratefully, proudly thank God yourself that you are an American.

Oh, dear and mighty motherland, what better gift or more to be desired could God give than to be born and to die, strong Daughter of Liberty, between thy shining feet!—From the Chicago American.

## U. S. TROOPS MAY USE CACTUS FOR WATER

In the pursuit of Villa and his bandits through the arid regions of northern Mexico the United States troops traversed a region whose only vegetation is the barbed and forbidding cactus. To any but a cowboy or a trained plainsman of the Southwest, inhabitants themselves of the "cactus belt," this plant seemingly has no more value than the veriest weed, but it may well be that it may prove of great value to the troops in the absence of water, fodder, or even food for human beings.

In the punitive expedition there are many cowpunchers of the "cactus belt" serving as scouts, and in the cowboy and the Indian of the Southwest the lowly cactus has its greatest admirer, for they know what a game struggle for life this plant has to make against an unrelenting desert soil. Even their ponies and cattle and the poor beasts of the desert know of these uses of the cactus for water and fodder, says the New York Herald.

There are some thousand varieties of this monstrous vegetable family, not counting the 300 varieties of the agave, or century plant—incorrectly included by many—in northern Mexico. The varieties of the yucca palm and all other forms of vegetation known to the arid region have the same faculty of sucking up from the soil every drop of the all too little moisture in it and storing it up in their tough and leathery leaves and roots.

Of the many varieties perhaps the most remarkable is that member of the family known to those schooled in desert craft as the "water barrel." This plant is shaped somewhat like a beer keg and is about the same size. Through all the years of its growth it has been sopping up what moisture the parched earth contained and retaining it. It is the sole reliance of desert dwellers in time of drought, and the troops, far from water holes and with water scarce, may yet be obliged to drink from it.

The "water barrel" is tapped by slicing off the top with a sword or machete and pounding the pulp until the water contained in it wells up into

the saucer thus formed. The pulp itself is pure and the water stored in it is likewise pure and refreshing.

Not all the water-bearing cacti are as gracious to famishing man, however, as the "water barrel," for most of them have protected themselves against the maraudings of those who would drink and live by imparting a bitter taste to the water they contain. The "peyote" especially, which abounds in the plains and deserts of Arizona, has a trick of discouraging depredations upon it, for its plump and juicy pulp secretes a bitter and poisonous juice.

In the last dozen years scientists have interested themselves in the study of the cactus for its possibilities as food, fodder and economic by-products. Dr. Leon E. Landino, foremost in the study of this desert plant, several years ago conducted extensive experiments in Los Angeles to ascertain the value of the thornless cactus as an article of food for human beings. In an effort to prove his contention that it contains food properties sufficient to enable a man to work 18 hours a day, he and his two secretaries for two weeks lived on a daily diet of the leaves and fruit of the cactus, the former being served green or fried and the latter either raw or cooked. While the "cactus squad" survived the experience and professed to have enjoyed their novel diet, it is a fact that the cactus never has attained the popularity of a diet mignon.

In the whole vegetable kingdom probably there is not another plant family having so many differentiations of form as the cacti. For it is possible to find among them species that crawl and creep like vines, other than stand erect in a single unbending stalk, like a green living monument of the desert; still others that are rooted to the spot, with their highest growth close to the ground and bearing almost no resemblance to usual forms of vegetation, and others, again, that branch out in thick unbending branches.

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# WASHINGTON GOSSIP

## High Cost of Flags Now Hits the United States

WASHINGTON.—Now comes the high cost of flag-raising. The rapacious maw of Mars, in consuming every conceivable resource, has not passed by even the standards for which men die at his altar.

Local flag dealers report that the wool-bunting flag, which is the best and formerly was the most used material, now has almost fallen into disuse on account of the increasing cost of the goods. The cotton-bunting flag has nearly supplanted its worthier competitor. At that the cost of cotton and dyes has so increased that it costs almost as much to produce a cotton flag as it did in antebellum times to manufacture a woolen one. The cost of a woolen flag has increased about 70 per cent and the end is not yet. Asked whether the tremendous increase in export of cotton, coupled with the existing shortage, would stop the manufacture of flags, Arthur Copeland, president of the M. G. Copeland company, declared the people of the country would always insist on having flags, and cited historical instances of the use of rags as standards when nothing else was available as evidence of the lengths to which patriots will go. Mr. Copeland added that while the present situation is serious, it did not seem to threaten a suspension of flag production.

"The cost of dyes is a factor which makes for expensive flags," said Mr. Copeland.

## First-Aid Girl Pupils Were Too Much for Jimmie

THE first-aid class, now being held under the joint auspices of the American National Red Cross and the Navy League in Washington, doesn't even know his name. So we'll call him "Jimmie."

Jimmie is a messenger boy and a near-hero. He has freckles, has been known to call successfully to the elusive Phoebe Five in a secluded alleyway, and a pal of his has vouchsafed the information that "he's a bold wid his mitts." Be that as it may he has one sterling accomplishment. He knows when to quit.

The first-aid class wanted a patient upon whom to practice lately acquired skill in the art of scientific bandaging. The doctor in charge, being a man of ingenuity, called a well-known telephone number and summoned Jimmie. Jimmie, it seems, was prime favorite with the "doc" and his class. Jimmie whistled on his way as he answered the call. Maybe he didn't know what was ahead. Maybe he's more than a near-hero. Anyway, he whistled the popular melody which assured those in his immediate vicinity that "This is the life."

The doctor ushered him into the classroom, cap in hand. He was given a chair and remembers vaguely sitting down. Forty pairs of casual eyes of gray and brown and blue—"golly, fellows, an' only the doc and me!"—were raised and swept him appraisingly. He only remembers the rest vaguely.

As through a mist he became suddenly conscious that it was awfully hot. His feet insisted upon spreading all over the place and his hands kept growing larger and larger. Why did they all keep looking at him? Was there anything the matter?

And then he heard the concluding sentence of the doctor's lecture. He says it was something like this:

"An' now, ladies, he sez, 'we shall practice bandagin' a wounded head, a badly wounded head. This young gentleman has agreed to act as de patient,' he sez. Dat's me, fellows. Den he toins to me. 'We shall need lots of bandages,' he sez. 'Will you step out in de hall an' ask the nurse for a handful?'"

Jimmie stepped, nay, more, he stepped with alacrity. Oh, yes, he stepped, nor did he cease the process till he had reached his bicycle. Nor even then. That was the end of the incident. They may have obtained a substitute up at the first-aid class. But this is the story of Jimmie.

## How the District's Doughnut Cabinet Originated

WHEN Louis Brownlow and Oliver Newman were newspaper men they would occasionally go to the grillroom of a big downtown hotel for luncheon, and there they would cast longing glances at the round table, where such plenipotentiaries as Gen. George H. Harries would be gourmandizing in fine style. The thing which attracted the attention and appetite of Messrs. Brownlow and Newman in those days was the large supply of doughnuts on the big table. They were twisted doughnuts, not the old-fashioned doughnuts shaped like a life preserver, which gives the small-minded jester the opportunity to say a word or two about wishing he had a job making the holes. Louis and Ollie ate many a doughnut mentally. Each of them says today that they had never at that early date eaten one in reality in that hotel because they feared the price would be something like 40 cents apiece, and they didn't care to squander that much on a single-tube doughnut, without antiskid appliances. But they would glance over at the table where sat the gourmandizing bank directors and railway magnates, and it seemed to be bending in the middle with doughnuts. They wondered when they, too, could sit down and order all the necessities of life, and add a plate of doughnuts just for good measure.

In fact, doughnuts in a hotel grew to be the mark of extreme luxury for these two young men. Then one day they found they were commissioners of the District of Columbia, and the center of a group of administrative officials who wanted to get together every day at luncheon to talk things over.

So they went to the big hotel and arranged for a round table daily.

The first day they all sat down the head waiter placed on the table about one bushel of those George H. Harries doughnuts.

"We didn't order these," said Louis—I mean Commissioner Brownlow—weakly.

"I know," returned the waiter with a smile. "They are like bread and butter. We make no charge for them."

And then Louis looked at Ollie and Ollie looked at Louis, and together they tried to figure out how many doughnuts the hotel owed them for past luncheons.

And that is why that big round table at a certain hotel near the District building is reserved for what they call "the doughnut cabinet."

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**Youth the Loser.**

J. P. Morgan, the famous financier, was talking at a dinner in New York about a young banker who had failed.

"It was his youth that made him fail," he said. "Youth is always failing—failing in business, failing in love."

"Remy de Gourmont tells us truly that in the game of life youth has all the trumps—all of them—but plays recklessly, and invariably loses."

**OF INTEREST TO MOTHERS**

The cost of food today is a serious matter to all of you. To cut down your food bills and at the same time improve the health of your family, serve them Skinner's Macaroni and Spaghetti two or three times per week. Children love it and thrive on it. It is the best possible food for adults. Write the Skinner Mfg. Co., Omaha, Neb., for beautiful cook book telling how to serve it in a hundred ways. It's free to every mother.—Adv.

**The Partial Teacher.**

"Have you got a nice teacher?" asked Uncle Ed.

"No," said Belle. "She ain't nice."

"Why, Belle?" said her mother, "I'm ashamed of you; your teacher is nice."

"She's mean 'I' me," declared Belle running her words together. "She let George Brown dust her desk and 'twas my turn."

**THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH.**

You will look ten years younger if you darken your ugly, grizzly hair by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing.—Adv.

**His Ailment.**

"I found your son was suffering from nostalgia, my